The Poysoner Self-poysoned:

OR,

A most true and lamentable Relation

FROM

LEWIS in *SUSSEX*,

How one *ROBERT BRINKHURST* a Cutler Treacherously poysoned one *WILLIAM MOOR*,

(The best Friend he had in the World, and who after he was so poysoned, gave and forgave by his Will above a hundred pound to this his Murderer.)

AS ALSO

How the said *Brinkhurst* being soon after tax'd with this horrid Fact, poysoned himself: And the manner of his ignominious Burial on *Munday* the 8th of this instant *December*, 1679.

With other remarkable Circumstances, rendring the Fact so prodigiously wicked, that 'tis believ'd no Age can produce its Parallel.

1679.

THere are frequent Accounts of cruel and barbarous *Murders* emitted into the world, either so *imperfectly* or *extravagantly* related, that most men slightly pass them over with *Contempt* or *indifferency*. Though certainly *faithful Publications* of that kinde may be of no small *use*, to shew us as well the abominable *vileness* of our sinful *nature* in an unregenerate State, and the inexpressible *subtlety* of Satans Temptations, seducing miserable Souls to Crimes no less unaccountable than detestable; as also the *Wisdom* and *Justice* of God, in discovering and bringing to *light* the hidden works of *Darkness*, and punishing the same, that all others may learn to *watch* over their own depraved *hearts*, and implore his *Grace* to preserve them, and magnifie his *free Mercy*, which hath not given them up to the like *Impieties*.

This sad *Subject* is too *copious* to need a long Preamble, and too *lamentable* to require the aid of Rhetorick to move our Passions or Compassion: We shall therefore come to a naked, but most true *Narrative* of the matter of *Fact*, which cannot but make every good Christians Ears *tingle*, and his Bowels to *earn*, who

either peruſes or hears it; unheard-of *Ingratitude*, horrid *Malice*, and deplorable *Deſperation*, all contributing to compleat this Tragedy.

In the Town of *Lewis* in *Suſſex* (a place eminent for Piety, and the Light of the Goſpel) there very lately dwelt a young man, by name *William Moor*, about the age of 22 years; and though put an Apprentice to an honeſt ſubſtantial Draper, yet *Heir* to a conſiderable Eſtate (near 200 *l.* a year, as we are informed.) Over againſt his Maſters houſe there lived one *Robert Brinkhurſt* a Batchelor, about thirty one years old, keeping a Cutlers ſhop; both perſons of an external civil and ſober Deportment. Between theſe two there had for a long time been not onely a very ſtrict *Familiarity*, but ſeemingly an entire *Friendſhip*, and, as appears by the Conſequences, undoubtedly *real* on *Moor*'s part, inſomuch that ſome time ſince he voluntarily lent *Brinkhurſt* 50 *l.* to redeem his houſe from a *Mortgage*; and whenever he was engaged abroad at *Markets* or *Fairs*, this young man would kindly mind his Shop; and when any Cuſtomers came, knowing his Marks and Prices, would go over and ſell his Wares for him as careſully as if himſelf had been at home; with ſeveral other *offices* of Civility and Love, too tedious here to be recited. But the Devil, who rais'd a *Faction in Heaven*, and is ſtill an Enemy to *Peace*, can, where *Grace* is wanting (becauſe neglected) ſtir up, even on *trivial* occaſions, mortal *Feuds* amongſt the moſt endeared Friends. Some petty differences happening ſome time ſince between theſe two Intimates (as *Brinkhurſt* ſince confeſſed) though they were to all appearance reconciled, yet ſtill the *ſeeds* of Malice and Rancour were ſo *rooted* in his heart, that being grown up to a rank *Crop* of Revenge, nothing could ſatisfie him but *the Life* of his innocent Companion and Benefactor.

To compleat his ill deſigne, the Devil prompted him to an unuſual courſe: For coming up to *London* about *Michaelmas* laſt, he buys a quantity of *Poyſon*, which he leaves with one *Leiceſter* in *Southwark* (ignorant we hope of the helliſh Intrigue) and a Letter with it directed to this *Moor*, and ſubſcribed with *J. N.* as coming from one of his Acquaintance here, of whoſe name thoſe were the *initial Letters*, giving him an account that he had ſent him an excellent Remedy for a *Stinking Breath*, wherewith 'twas known this *Moor* was much infeſted. *Moor* receives, ſome time after, this Letter and *Powder* very kindly; but obſerving the quantity to be great, writes back to *J. N.* to know if he might venture to take it *all at once*; and by means of their conſtant intimacy, gives his Letter to *Brinkhurſt* to deliver to the *Carrier*: But inſtead of ſo doing, he keeps it, and procures another Letter to be written to him, ſubſcribed with *J. N.* as the former, directing him to take the *whole*.

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Purſuant hereunto, Mr. *Moor* on Tueſday the 18th of *November* laſt, takes all the fatal Doſe in Powder of Sugar, according to directions, which wrought violently upon him, with dreadful ſymptoms, (though none ſuſpected, becauſe there ſeem'd no reaſon to imagine Poyſon in the caſe) till the Lords day following, and then put a period to his Life. During this his Torturing Languiſhment, *Brinkhurſt* was for the moſt part with him night and day, *ſaw him dye*, helped to lay him forth, put him in his Coffin, and was one of thoſe that *bare* him to his Grave. A man ſure of a ſtrange *ſeared* Conſcience, whom neither *Guilt* could terrifie, nor *gratitude* work upon; for the dying man during this ſickneſs making his *Will*, not onely *forgave* him the fifty pound he ow'd him, but alſo *bequeathed* him fifty pound more, and his Watch, and other things of value.

And now all things ſeem'd *huſht*, and the Barbarous Murderer no doubt hugg'd himſelf for the ſucceſs of his villany, when, behold! (and I beſeech the Reader to conſider and admire the *Providence* of God therein) an unexpected Diſcovery is made, the young man Deceaſed had filed the two before-mentioned Letters, which being found, *J. N.* (for by thoſe Letters the perſon was gueſſed at) began to be hardly *cenſured*; but they were ſo ſorrily and nonſenſically written, that moſt believed they could not be truely from him. At laſt, upon Enquiry, *John Appes* the Carryer declared, he brought down a ſmall *parcel* ſome weeks before, which was delivered to him in *Southwark* by an unknown hand; farther adding, That he had a Letter, which if he could light on, he believed might farther concern the buſineſs. This was a Letter ſent by *Brinkhurſt* to his Friend *Leiceſter*, deſiring him to write to *Moor* to take the whole Doſe, but he muſt be ſure to ſubſcribe as formerly, *J. N.* Which Letter *Leiceſter* returned back to the Carrier, refuſing to receive it, whether becauſe he now began to ſmell ſome worſe deſign than before he was appreheaſive of, or whether he onely did it to avoid paying for Carriage, I know not. However, back the Carryer had brought it, and not knowing to whom it belong'd, laid it by, till that very Tueſday morning, which prov'd the day of *Moors* Interment. And then (pray once more mark the hand of Providence) wanting Paper, accidentally tore this open, and found ſuch the Contents. This turned the ſuſpition on *Brinkhurſt*, who being on Tueſday the ſecond of *December* inſtant, taken into Examination, and the matter appearing too plain to be denyed, *Confeſſed* the whole as before related, before two or three Juſtices, and near twenty other people, at the *Turks head* in *Lewis*. And being queſtioned by the Juſtices what the Poiſon was, anſwered, he could not tell, unleſs he ſaw ſome of like kind; upon which, an able Apothecary was ſent to, to bring ſeveral ſorts,

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which *Brinkhurſt* viewing, and pretending he could beſt know it by the *weight*, poizing the ſeveral Papers open'd in his hand, when he came to the *yellow Arſenic*, all on a ſudden, in the preſence of that company, caſt it into his *Mouth*, and *ſwallowed* as much thereof as he could. The amaz'd Spectators, as ſoon as their ſurprize would admit, endeavouring by holding his *hands*, preſſing his *Throat*, and forcing immediately *Oyl* upon him, to prevent the ſame, or at leaſt qualifie the venome, but all in vain. For notwithſtanding all Remedies, it worked *mortally* upon him, caſting him into Fainting Fits, *&c.* So he continued ſome time in great inſenſibility of his woful Eſtate; the moſt he ſeemed to lament, being for a *young man*, a ſtranger, whom he drew in to counterfeit and write the laſt fatal Letter, the driſt whereof 'tis charitably hoped, the Writer underſtood not. On Saturday *December* 6. he ſeemed deſirous of farther time, (though till then he appeared not deſirous of Life) and a Miniſter was ſent for to pray with him: the ſame Evening he defired a Friend to read to him, and being askt where, replyed, the 51. *Pſalm*, but that night dyed; having added to the Barbarous Murder of his deareſt friend, this unnatural Murder of himſelf.

Amongſt other puniſhments threatned to the wicked in Holy Writ, mention is made of a diſgraceful Interment, even *the Burial of an Aſs.* Which attended the *Carkaſs* of this unhappy Malefactor; for the *Coroner* being ſent for, and a Jury Impannelled, finding the matter as aforeſaid, his Relations on Munday the eighth of *December*, provided decent ſhrowds to Inwrap his Body, and a Coffin to put it in; and were deſirous to *Inhume* him in the Church-yard of St. *Michael*; but that being denyed, they propoſed to lay him in a ſpot of his own ground, at the bottom of the *Market-lane*, on the right hand: but dying in the Conſtables cuſtody, who keeps the *White horſe Inn*, (having been removed thither from the *Turks head* but the night before he dyed) they had not the advantage of uſing the civility to his Corps which they intended; but in the afternoon a *dung-cart* was ordered, and being ſpread with *ſtraw*, the body wrapt up without any Coffin, was laid therein, and ſo drawn through the Town, to the Croſs-way at the *Spittle*, where a Grave being ready digg'd, ſcituate *North* and *South*, it was by two fellows caſt thereinto, and immediately a *Stake* drove through his Bowels, who had been ſo void of all *bowels of Compaſſion* towards his intimate *friend*, *himſelf*, and his own *Soul.*

I have neither *room* nor Inclination to enlarge in Obſervations on this lamentable Relation; I hope all that *read* or *hear* it, will make a Chriſtian *Application* thereof for themſelves.----*There is no peace, ſaith my God, to the wicked.*----*Let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall.*----*For except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh.*

FINIS.